

Burmese Bazaars.

THE Burmese, because of the income they get from raising rice, are not so poor as most Oriental people, and their bazaars are the Eastern equivalent of shopping emporiums. A Mandalay bazaar covers acres.



Magazine Page

**This Day in History.**

THIS is the anniversary of the adoption, in 1752, of the new style calendar in the English Speaking world. By this adoption Sept. 2 became Sept. 14, thus making reckoning of time harmonize with Europe.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story

Famous Story

THE STREETS OF ASCALON

Illustrated by

Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers.
Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"AND this pretty girl, by Boucher?"
"I tell you, Dankmere, that I don't know. They all appear to be genuine, after a superficial examination. It takes time to be sure about any picture—and if we're going to be certain it will require confab with authorities—restorers, dealers, experts, curators from various museums—all sorts and conditions of people must be approached and warily consulted—and paid," he added smiling. "And that has to be done with circumspection because some are not honest and we don't want anybody to get the impression that we are attempting to bribe anybody for a favorable verdict."

A few minutes later we went across the street and telegraphed to Molly Wycherly:
"May I remind you that you asked me to Witch Hollow?"

"QUARREN."
The following morning the workmen had departed. He and Dankmere stood contemplating the transformation wrought in the office, back parlor and extension of Quarren's floor in the shabby old Lexington avenue house.

The transformation was complete; all woodwork had been painted white, a gray-green paper hung on the walls, the floor stained dark brown and covered with several antique rugs which had come with the pictures—a Fereghan, a Ladik, and an ancient Heron with rose and sapphire lights in it.

At the end of the suite hung another relic of Dankmere Tarns—a Gobelin tapestry about ten by twelve, signed by Audran, the subject of which was Boucher's "Venus, Mars and Vulcan" from the picture in the Wallace collection. Opposite it was suspended an old Persian carpet of the sixteenth

century—a magnificent Dankmere heirloom woven in the golden age of ancient Eastern art and displaying amid the soft splendor of its matchless hues the strange and exquisitely arched cloud-forms traced in forgotten dyes amid a wilderness of delicate flowers and vines.

Between these two fabrics, filling the walls from baseboard to ceiling, were ranged Dankmere's pictures. Few traces of the real estate office remained—merely a desk, letter file, a shelf piled up with maps and Quarren's shingle outside; but this was now overshadowed by the severely magnificent sign:

THE DANKMERE GALLERY
OF
OLD MASTERS
Algernon Payne, R. Quarren & Co.

For Lord Dankmere, otherwise Algernon Cecil Clarence Fayre, Earl of Dankmere, had decided to dedicate to trade only a portion of his aristocratic appellations. As for the company, it consisted of Quarren's cat, Daisy, and her litter of unweaned kittens.

"Do you realize," said Quarren, dropping into the depths of a new easy chair, "that you have almost put me out of business?"

"Well, you weren't in very deeply, you know," commented Dankmere.

"No; but last week I went to bed a broker in real estate, and this week I wake up a picture dealer and your partner. It's going to take most of my time. I can't sell a picture unless I know what it is. I've got to find out—or try to. Do you know what that means?"

"I fancy it means chucking your real estate," said Dankmere, impatiently. "Why not? This is a better gamble. And if we make anything we ought to make something worth while."

"Do you propose that I shall simply drop my entire business—

STRELSA LEEDS—A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.
RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.
LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.
SIR CHARLES MALLISON—A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.
MARY LEDWITH—Who, betrayed by

close up everything and go into this thing permanently?" demanded Quarren.

"It will come to that ultimately. Don't you want to?"

From the beginning Quarren had felt, vaguely, that it would come to that—realized instinctively that in such an enterprise he would be on solid ground—that the idea was pleasant to him—that his tastes fitted him for such an occupation. Experience was lacking, but, somehow, his ignorance did not dismay him.

All his life he had cared for such things, been familiar with them, been curious to learn more, had read enough to understand something of the fascinating problems now confronting him, had, in his hours of leisure, familiarized himself with the best of art in the public and private galleries of the city.

More than a natural inclination and curiosity had led him among dealers, restorers, brokers of pictures. He knew them all from Fifth avenue to Lexington, the celebrated and the obscure; he had heard them talk, heard the gossip and scandal of their curious world, watched them buying, selling, restoring, relining, reframing; listened to their discussions concern-

ing their art and the art in which they dealt. And it had always fascinated him, although, until Dankmere arrived, it had never occurred to him to make a living out of a heterogeneous mass of partly assimilated knowledge acquired from the sheer love of the subject. Success at Last.

Fortunate the man whose means of livelihood is also his pleasure! Deep in his heart lies the unconscious contentment of certainty.

And somehow, with the advent of Dankmere's pictures, into Quarren's troubled heart had come a vague sensation of ease—a cessation of the old anxiety and unrest—a quiet that had never before known.

To learn what his wares really were seemed no formidable task; to appreciate and appraise each one only little labors of love. Every problem appeared to him as a separate attraction; the disposal of his stock a delightful and leisurely certainty because he himself would be certain of what he dealt in.

Then, too, his mind had long since invaded a future which day by day grew more alluring in its suggestions. He himself would lead the practical manual art of restoration—learn how to clean, reline, revarnish; how to identify, how to dissect.

Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.
THE EARL OF DANKMERE—Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.
MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.
MRS. SPROWL—A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

Every thread of an ancient canvas should tell him a true story; every grain in an old panel. He would be chief surgeon in his hospital for old and decrepit masterpieces; he would "cradle" with his own hands—clear the opacity from time-dimmed beauty with savant touch, knit up tenderly the wound of ages.

"Dankmere," he said, "throwing away his cigarette, 'I'm going into this business from this minute; and I would like to die in harness, at the end, the companion, surgeon, and friend of old-time pictures. Do you think I can make a living at it?'"

"God knows. Do you mean that you're really keen on it?"

"Dead keen."
Dankmere puffed on his cigar. "A chap usually makes out pretty well when he's a bit keen on anything of sorts. You'll be owning the gallery next, you infernal Yankee!"

Quarren laughed: "I won't forget that you gave me my first chance in the world. You've done it, too; do you realize it, Dankmere?"

"Very glad, I'm sure."

"So am I!" said Quarren with sudden emphasis. "I believe I'm on the right track now. I believe it's in me—in my heart—to work

—to work!"—he laughed—"as the old chronicles say: 'To the glory of God and the happiness of self and mankind.' . . . I'm grateful to you; do you understand?"

"Awfully glad, old chap."

"You funny Englishman—I believe you are. . . . And we'll make this thing go. Down comes my real estate shingle; I'm part of the Dankmere Galleries now. I'll rent the basement after our first sale and there you and I will fuss and tinker and doctor and nurse any poor old derelict of a picture back to its pristine beauty. What?"

"Not I," said the little Earl. "All I'm good for is to furnish the initial stock. You may do what you please with it, and we'll share profits according to contract. Further than that, Quarren, you'll have to count me out."

The Letter.

"Don't you care for pictures?"

"I prefer horses," said the Earl dryly—"and, after the stable and kennel, my tastes incline toward vaudeville," and he cocked up one little leg over the other and whistled industriously at a waiter which he was attempting to compose. He possessed a high, maddening, soprano whistle which Quarren found painful to endure; and he was glad when his lordship departed, jaunty

ly twirling his walking stick and taking fancy dance steps as far as the front door.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

ly twirling his walking stick and taking fancy dance steps as far as the front door.
Left alone, Quarren leaned back in his chair, resting his head against the new olive-tinted velvet.
He had nothing to do but sit there and gaze at the picture and wait for an answer to his telegram.
It came about dusk and he lighted the gas and read it:
"Come up to Witch-Hollow tomorrow."

"MARIE WYCHERLY."

He could not leave until he had planned for work to go on during his absence. First he arranged with Valasco to identify as nearly as possible, and to appraise, the French and Italian pictures. Then he made an arrangement with Van Boschoven for the Dutch and Flemish; secured Dwayton Quinn for the English and warned Dankmere not to bother or interfere with these temperamental and irascible gentlemen while in exercise of their professional duties.

"Don't whistle, don't do abrupt skit dances, don't sing comic songs, don't obscure the air with cigar smoke, don't go to sleep on the sofa and snore, don't drink fizzy and rattle the ice in your glass!"
"My God!" faltered his lordship, "do you mind if I breathe now and then?"

"I'll be away a few days—Valasco is slow, and the others take their time. Let anybody come in who wants to, but don't sell anything until the experts report to me in writing."

"Suppose some chap rushes in with ten thousand?"

"No!"

"What?"

"Certainly not. Chaps who rush in with any serious money at all will rush in again all the faster if you make them wait. Don't sell a picture—not even to Valasco or any of the experts."

"Suppose a charming lady?"
"Now you understand, don't you?"

I wouldn't think of selling a single canvas until I have their reports and have made up my own mind that they're as nearly right as any expert can be who didn't actually see the artist paint the picture. The only trustworthy expert is the man who saw the picture painted—if you can believe his word."

"But my dear Quarren," protested Dankmere, seriously bewildered—"how could any living expert have seen an artist who died two hundred years ago paint anything?"

"Right," said Quarren solemnly: "the point is keenly taken. Ergo, there are no real experts, only guessers. When Valasco et al finish their guessing, I'll guess how near they have guessed correctly. Good-by. . . . You will be good, won't you, Dankmere?"

"No fear. I'll keep my weather eye on the shop. Do you want me to sleep here?"

"You'd better. I think. But don't have rowdy parties here, will you?" and don't wander away and leave the door open. By George! I believe I'd better stay!"

"Rot! Go on and take your vacation, old chap! Back in a week?"

"Yes; or any time you wire me."

"Not I. I'll have a jolly time by myself."

"Don't have too many men here in the evening. The smoke will get into those new curtains!"

Dankmere, in his trousers and undershirt, stretched on the divan, laughed and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. Then, reaching forth, he took a palm-leaf fan in one hand, a tall, frosty glass in the other, and applied it in a manner from which he could extract the most benefit.

"Bon voyage!" he nodded to Quarren. "My duties and compliments and all that—and pick me out an album of sorts—there's a good fellow!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

(Copyright, by Robert W. Chambers.)
Published by Arrangement With International Feature Service, Inc.

A COMET CATCHER

JUPITER HAS SNARED MANY A SKY WANDERER

By Garrett P. Serviss.
Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

IF you look toward the Constellation Leo you will see the planet Jupiter glowing placidly among the constellations, like a great super-star which has no need to twinkle in order to call attention to itself.

You will understand at a glance why the ancients gave to this magnificent planet the name of the chief of their gods, why the Chinese called it the "Regulator" and the Egyptians Horus, the Gilder of the Sphère.

In our scientific way we have found more accurately descriptive terms for this big planet, which exceeds the earth about 1,300 times in magnitude. Among other things, we call Jupiter the "Comet Catcher."

Its power of attraction is so great (more than 300 times that of the earth) and its position in the solar system is so commanding (about five times as far from the sun as the earth is), that it often draws wandering comets out of their paths as they approach the sun from other space and turns them into smaller, shorter orbits, so that, henceforth, they are unable to go very far away, but continue to revolve around the sun in elliptical curves, whose form has been imposed by the interference of Jupiter.

Nearly thirty comets are now known which have thus been "captured" by Jupiter.

He is not powerful enough to keep them for himself, but is compelled to hand them over to the earth. He is like one of the great feudal barons of the Middle Ages who had to surrender his prisoners to his lord, the King. Still, he sometimes interferes with them a second time. If they venture near him, and sends them scurrying off in new orbits.

He has also created havoc among the orbits of the hundreds of little planets, called "asteroids," which he has trained into groups, and he is even suspected of having turned some of them into his own retainers, in the character of little "moons."

In fact, Jupiter is so powerful that he would make the earth revolve around him if the sun were absent. One of his four principal moons is larger than the planet Mercury, and yet he swings it around him once every week, making it travel in the space of time more than 4,000,000 miles. The nearest of them is considerably larger than our moon, is whipped around him at a speed of 40,000 miles per hour at the rate of more than 27,000 miles per hour.

One consequence of this is that he has flattened his own poles and swelled out his own equator by centrifugal force to such an extent that he measures about 8,000 miles less through the poles than through the equator. His equatorial diameter is about 88,000 miles, and his

polar diameter only about 85,000 miles.

This difference is so striking that you can see it easily if you look at Jupiter through a telescope. He is not round like a baseball, but elongated like a football, or, rather, flattened like a pumpkin. Another consequence of his mad energy of motion, which you will see if you inspect him with a telescope, is that his whole surface is covered with parallel belts of clouds drawn out into bands by the swift rotation. These clouds vary in color and in form, and while you are watching them you will actually see the planet turning, if you continue your observations for an hour or two.

Another thing of fascinating interest which a telescopic view of Jupiter affords is the motion of the four nearby moons. It was Galileo's discovery of these moons that opened the ancient system of astronomy. They seem to fly as if terrified at the possibility of being drawn down into the grasp of their relentless master. In the course of a single evening you can see them cross his disk or pass into and out of his shadow, and often you can watch their own little round shadows, as black as ink drops, moving swiftly across his broad oval, shining face or disk.

If you have not yet studied astronomy—a subject that every intelligent human being should know something about—begin at once with the planet Jupiter. If you cannot get a chance to look at him with a telescope, get a book on astronomy, and learn from it all you can, not only about Jupiter, but about other things in the sky, and the result, in the broadening of your mind and the quickening of your spirit, will be both a delight and a surprise to you.

A Dickens Letter.

A characteristic letter from Dickens, declining an invitation to dinner, was among the collection of rare Dickens books and MSS. recently sold by Sotheby's. The famous novelist writes: "It is the week in every month on which I never go out to dinner, except on some tremendous provocation, such as a twin brother's coming home from China and having appointed to return next morning, which does not often happen." . . . On the other side I perceive a clear head looking forward to the end of Chuzzlewit on the other hand, eyed (but amiable and prepossessing) youth, drinking soda water, and incapable of any mental exertion greater than ordering it. . . ."

Opossums.

Opossums, which were introduced into New Zealand from Australia many years ago, have increased until they have become a pest in the fruit-growing regions. Nevertheless, their value for fur outweighs the damage they do. It is therefore proposed to give them every chance to breed in the forested regions. Watermelons, too, grow in New Zealand.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

By W. A. McKeever.

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

LISTEN, my boy, I am out looking for a man. Are you there one? Stop a minute till I search you through. You are all right. Old Diogenes went out carrying a lighted lantern in broad daylight and said he was looking for a man. This old philosopher met many in the street, but he never found one, speaking in men's tones of voice, and physically big enough to be called men, but morally they fell far below his standard.

So, I carry a lantern for you, my boy, and I look for a man, and with it a light of discernment, and with the marks of manhood. How do you measure up?

Yesterday you indicated by your conversation that you were engrossed in ideas about things to wear, things to eat, things to drink and some cheap sporting indulgences. Do you call that manhood? I call that a man's weakness. You are a cigarette between your lips, looking toward the ground seemingly oblivious to the vast dimensions of the world you live in. Is that your best? Is the pavement as far away from yourself as you can see?

Who made this great city, my boy? Whose brain was burnt out to create this wealth? Whose blood was sacrificed drop by drop to establish this splendid institution? Who gave freely of time and planning and sacrifice to make it a grand place of abode for the like of you? And here you are, wearing out its pavements, cluttering about—begin at once with the planet Jupiter. If you cannot get a chance to look at him with a telescope, get a book on astronomy, and learn from it all you can, not only about Jupiter, but about other things in the sky, and the result, in the broadening of your mind and the quickening of your spirit, will be both a delight and a surprise to you.

My stupid young friend, how long will you remain asleep in regard to your better self? Brace up, and help me find a man in you. Here are some signs to turn on the light. Cut down on your eating and drinking.

Cut out your cigarettes for a month and watch your heart and brain both return to normal. Cut out your late hours; go to bed early; get up early; work hard on your job; take time to think; spend thirty minutes per day sitting in silence.

Now, having become somewhat cleansed of the things which poison your body and blur your vision, work for the qualities of sterling manhood. Be cheerful; act with decision; read clean literature; associate with high minded people; get a vision of the splendid future for yourself as a fellow and partly a servant of the masses; pray daily to the Most High for guidance as to how you can do your full part in making this city a better place for human habitation, this country a better light-bearer to the dark regions of the world.

Now, I see the outline of a man in you.

When a Girl Marries

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

"QUITE so!" sputtering eagerly, he went on, twisting his words out in his grievance. "And this month when I got my advance copy there 'Quite so!' sputtering eagerly, he went on, twisting his words out in his grievance. 'And this month when I got my advance copy there were my two pages in the same old sepi. And all the satisfaction this darn-begging my pardon, m'am. Miss, Mrs. Harrison. I mean—all the satisfaction your advertising department can give a customer of years' standing is that when the proofs went over to my place, my foot of a publicity man O. K.'d them. Now, what do you make of that?"

"Make of the fact that your publicity man is a fool!" I asked with still more elaborate innuendo. "As I said it, I wondered if I'd gone a bit too far in trying to simplify the situation so Max Headley would look at it fairly and squarely and without prejudice or rancor. But his little eyes met mine with an expression which changed from red-diddled suspicion to a sudden twitching of the lashes, and then a jelly-like convulsion of his whole face. Suddenly he was laughing whole-heartedly. I joined in. After a moment or two I ventured:

"'Blundered badly in failing to carry out orders. And your man blundered in not keeping track of your orders. But isn't it also possible that you failed to make sure he knew of your change of plan in an old account he thought he was handling to your entire satisfaction?'"

Now Mr. Headley's smile was unaltered and interested. "Go ahead, lady lawyer," he said. "This ain't the first time I've seen how smart you are."

"I think we ought to effect a compromise. We might carry your account ahead an extra month on another year's contract, and consider one of your two pages paid for. That would be about \$2,000 loss to us—but it's worth it to keep

a good account like yours. Is that satisfactory?"

"May I have an O.K. on this note to the advertising department I've been juggling down as we talked? I'll get Mr. Booth's signature, too, and we'll understand we carry you for an extra month on next year's contract at half pay. And of course, in recognition of our fairness, there's no question that you'll be glad to renew next year at current rates?"

"You bet your sweet life I will!" replied Max Headley, making a friendly grimace as he spoke. "And if ever I start to cancel, I'll advise old Haldane to send you along to sell me all over again."

I nodded understandingly before I called Carl Booth, giving him briefly to understand that his O.K. was needed to an agreement which I hoped would be satisfactory. Carl listened with alert attention to my account of the adjustment we'd made. Then he took the note I had hastily drawn up, laid it on my desk and, set his signature under Max Headley's sprawling one. "Our assistant is a pretty clever business woman!" he said in a tone which seemed to clinch everything. As he spoke he looked up challengingly at me, and I intercepted the glance the two men exchanged. Strangely enough, it was almost hostile.

"The job got you, didn't it?" asked Carl, eyeing me sagely as I held his note. "Suppose we say 50 per cent advance over your old salary. Will that meet the high cost of living and other modern conditions—including your idea of what is due Mrs. J. H. Harrison?"

"Your offer's very generous. Your tone isn't."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

An Agile Stepper.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Since I was very young I have been going around with much the same people. Among my crowd was a man whom I like very much but do not love him.

He graduated from college this June and his parents sent him on a trip out West and now they have great hopes for him when he returns.

A few days ago I received a desperate letter from him, telling me that if I will not promise to marry him when he returns he will go off "the straight and narrow path."

I do not love him enough to marry him, but I feel so terribly sorry for his parents, as they have all their hopes wrapped around him. I am sure his letter was not impulsive, because he has always been true and sincere. What advice can you give me?

ALICE BLUE.

If, as you are at pains to state twice in your brief letter, you do not love this man, do not under any circumstances, marry him. It is most decidedly wrong for women to marry men to reform them or save them from what they threaten to do in their youth or college days. If it is so easy and simple for this young man to step off "the straight and narrow path," because a girl who doesn't love him won't marry him, what guarantees have you that he won't do considerable stepping in that direction even if you did marry him? Feet as sorry as you want to for his dotting parents, but if you don't love the man don't entertain any thought of marrying him, threats or no threats.

"Everything's settled then except the figures," said Carl. "Suppose we say 50 per cent advance over your old salary. Will that meet the high cost of living and other modern conditions—including your idea of what is due Mrs. J. H. Harrison?"

"Your offer's very generous. Your tone isn't."

(To Be Continued Tuesday.)

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Green peas should be shelled just before cooking or they will become hard.

A clean chamois leather wrung out of cold water is the best duster for velvet or plush furniture.

If you drop grease on the kitchen floor scatter soda on it, and then pour boiling water over it.

Anything fried in boiling fat is puffed up and made very light by lifting it three or four times out of the fat during the process.

To test eggs, make a brine by dissolving two ounces of salt in a pint of water. Good eggs will sink, and bad eggs will float, in this solution.

To clean leather, use equal parts of boiled linseed oil and vinegar. Shake them well together, and pour a little on a flannel; rub into the leather, and polish with a soft cloth.

FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayres

EVA went over and took the note up. It was not sealed, not even enclosed in an envelope. She wondered if the maid had had sufficient curiosity to read it.

She unfolded the paper and looked at her husband's writing. It came over her with a sort of shock that this was the first time that she had ever written to her, and inconspicuously, she remembered the note she had written to him that last night at Highway House.

Philip had written in pencil—it was his sign, a sprightly writing, and particularly schoolboyish, and for an instant her heart contracted. There is something so motherly in the love that all good women bear to a man, something that—if exposed to—seems to respond with a thrill of tenderness, something which even now for a moment brushed tears to Eva's eyes.

She brushed them angrily away. She had done with such weakness. Nothing mattered any more. She would not allow anything to hurt her again as she had been hurt day after day since her marriage. There was no beginning to Philip's note, and it was not possible to guess from his hurried scrawl that he had written and rewritten it a dozen times.

"I leave America in two weeks. I am sorry to have to ask anything of you, but it would be kind, for my mother's sake, if you will come down to the Highway House until I go. I am staying in town, and will call round in the morning. There is a train down at eleven. As far as I am concerned you will be as free at the Highway House as you have been during the last ten days."

PHILIP WINTERBURN. She had laughed before she was aware of it, and she looked round the silent room with frightened eyes, almost as if she suspected that the dissonant laughter had been her own.

She tore the note into tiny pieces and threw them into the grate. As free down there as she had been here! He had been thinking of Calligan when he wrote that, she supposed.

She began to undress. She felt curiously detached and uninterested. She wondered where Philip was, and if Pauline had known all along that, though her husband was staying in New York